

ut most of the respectable citizens looked on in silent wonderment. It was quite evident then that he was recalled by a party — a party, in truth, numerous and powerful, but not by the unanimous voice of the nation. The enthusiasm of his immediate adherents, however, made up for the silence and awkwardness of others. They filled and crammed the square of the Carrousel, and the courts and avenues of the Tuileries; they pressed so closely upon him that he was obliged to cry out, " My friends, you stifle me !" and his *aides de camp* were compelled to carry him in their arms up the grand staircase, and thence into the royal apartments. It was observed, however, that amongst these *ardent friends* were many men who had been the first to desert him in 1814, and that these individuals were the most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, the loudest in their shouts!

And thus was Napoleon again at the Tuileries, where, even more than at Fontainebleau, his mind was flooded by the deep and painful recollections of the past! A few nights after his 3rd turn thither he sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended Josephine during her last illness. " So, Monsieur Horan," said he, " you did not leave the Empress during her malady ? " — " No, Sire." — " What was the cause of that malady ? " — " Uneasiness of mind . . . grief." — " You believe that ? " (and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word *believe*, looking steadfastly in the doctor's face). He then asked, " Was she long ill ? Did she suffer much ? " — " She was ill a week, Sire ; her Majesty suffered little bodily pain." — " Did she see that she was dying ? Did she show

| Durage ? " — " A sign her Majesty made when she could no longer express herself leaves me no doubt that she felt her end *t |
| prcaching; she seemed to contemplate it without fear." —

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Well ! well!" and then Napoleon much affected drew Lose to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief; ?om what did that arise ? " — " From passing events, Sire ; rom your Majesty's position last year." — " Ah ! she used to peak of me then ? " — " Very often." Here Napoleon drew is hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He len went on. " Good woman ! — Excellent Josephine ! She